

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Meranti Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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ONE of the most touching incidents in the story of our Redeemer's life was in connexion with a deeply sorrowing mother, who came to him in behalf of her afflicted child. Upon entreating him to be merciful to her daughter, Jesus says: "Be it unto thee as thou wilt." Here we learn something deeply significant of the part that freedom of choice takes in human interests. The Blessed Savior recognizes the freedom of choice that is essential to personal responsibility. And such a fact, with its unspeakable import, becomes a suitable theme for the consideration of all thoughtful persons, for it makes them responsible for the use they may make of their lives. In virtue of what these words imply, it comes in human affairs that people will be what they may choose to be, and so it is that each human being that ordinarily each human being that acts upon his own responsibility, in spite of ancestral tendencies, environment, and the so-called spirit of the age, may and does decide his own character, habits, and acquirements. We appeal to the consciousness of the esteemed reader for the truth of the fact that he can decide from this time to listen to God or not listen, as he speaks in the Bible. At the beginning of the present year he feels that it is in his power to decide whether during the year he will be diligent in business, or careless and slothful; to inform himself and become intelligent, or to remain in ignorance and forget what he may already know; to live on less than he earns, and have something in hand at the end of the year, or to spend all or more than he earns, and have nothing in hand or be in debt when the next year comes. In fact the power of choice is so great that men at large can and do decide whether they shall be well and strong or sickly and weak. Such is the law of our lives,—there may be exceptions to the rule,—but generally and at all times men make or unmake themselves by their own decision to be or to do this or that, or not to be or to do what is wise and right. May our aspirations and actions be for what is good, and he who said, "Be it unto thee as thou wilt" will attend to the rest.

In a world like this, beset by Satan and we know not how many evil angels, it is not surprising that improvement of body, character, and soul is hard and requires a conflict. To float down stream especially with a multitude is easy; to stem the current, "with here and there a stranger," is quite another thing. The objective good in ascending scale is difficult to compare in English and other languages. The little child toddling behind his mother as she returned from a day's work, thought he had the right of it as he soliloquized, "You're the gooddest mother in the world. How much to unlearn in this world,—and some philosopher said the most difficult thing possible was to unlearn what had once been learned. Then the beauty, the absolute necessity of rising in the scale of right, not in the world alone, but in all general conduct. If we fail to rise, we must fall back—there is no standing still: the plant grows better or it withers. A person beholding a lovely child, procured his faithful portrait and hung the picture where sweetness and beauty could always face him. Long years after in a hovel of wickedness and repulsion he came across a countenance depicting every passion; this latter face was painted for him and hung beside the beautiful child's. Looking back into the history of the bad man, what was his horrified surprise to find the two were one—that fair-looking child had developed into that wicked, revolting man! We read that the Roman Emperor, Nero, whose name stands for cruelty and every sin, was very attractive in his early years and even showed clemency while under Seneca's teaching; but he fell back and how far down, those acquainted with old Roman history and the early annals of the Christ-

ian Church, know full well. Is it new to any that Nero murdered his nearest friends, and of the early Christians made human torches to light up his palace gardens? There is small danger of any one doing the very same in these days; but it is possible to forget, good-better—best. A. L. P.

THE PHANTOM CHAPEL.
On the forest-fringed crest of Buckley Mountain, south-east of Marlinton, near the line where the sun seems to pause in winter, and turns back after a few days, may be seen an interesting sky-silhouette. Its resemblance to a building is so apparent as to be recognized at once, and hence the term Phantom Chapel, and it would be a pretty name to give that locality.

Whenever there is any change in the trees it will vanish from sight as mysteriously as it first emerged into view. For hundreds of years it has been in building by unseen hands. No sound of saw or hammer were at their work on its outlines. It can be discerned at all times of the day, but stands out with special distinctness just before sunrise. The front door and side-windows denote the presence of evergreens. The walls and roof are outlined by leafless trees and their branches, and its color varies with the hues of the sky forming the background. S. C. R.

THE BATTLE FOR DECENCY IN LITERATURE.—Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century Magazine, thinks this battle is just now at its height. In an article in The Independent on "Editing" he speaks of the editors duty to take part in the battle, and he pays his respects to the "realists" in the following terms:

"Reality" is a word to conjure with; any one who raises a "blue pencil" against reality is in peril of losing his literary standing. The editor is prone to level things down; to object to the novel and original; he may be a Philistine; he may even be touched with hypocrisy. But if there is any greater humbug and hypocrisy than "realism" can be I do not know what it is. Take, for instance, the single detail of profanity in the "conversations" of a story. Did any one who has ever heard the thing in all its luxurious and picturesque reality ever see it really reported? Is there a living realist who would be willing to put down in cold black and white to the extent of a foolscap page the habitual language of certain types with which he deals in fiction? and if he did so, would he be willing to keep that piece of paper over-night even under lock and key? The unthinkable blasphemy, the rank and violent vulgarity, they are as real as many other things outside of art. Say what you will, there is no realist who does not draw the line somewhere; and that line is at least as debatable as the one between Venusuela and British Guiana.

A lady who lives in an inland town in New England went to the last convention of the Christian Endeavor societies at Washington, and traveled from Boston to Baltimore by steamer. She had never been to sea before.

After her first night on the steamer a friend observed, when she made her appearance on deck in the morning, that she looked very much fatigued.

"Why," said the friend, "I'm afraid travel by water does not agree with you. Did n't you sleep well? The sea was perfectly calm."

"Sleep!" exclaimed the lady. "I didn't sleep a wink. I am tired all out and I shall never travel by water again."

"What has tired you out?"
"Why trying to sleep in that thing. I read the card in the state room about how to put on the life preserver, and I thought I understood it all right, but I suppose I didn't. For I could n't for I could not get a wink of sleep with the thing on!"
"United Ireland" rejoices in the downfall of Li Hung Chang. The Chinese Viceroy complained of the behavior of the Irish toward his countrymen before he left America. This, thinks the paper, deserves punishment. Li Hung Chang ought to know that Irishmen have raised America to her present high place among the nations, while his countrymen, to put it mildly, are neither useful nor ornamental to American society.

New York News Letter
Fifteen minutes ago the sun was shining, and blue sky was seen. Now we are having a small-sized blizzard.

Saturday morning a cloak merchant committed suicide by jumping from an eighth-story window of one of our "sky-scraping" buildings. Cause: Failure in business, and the fear that his wife and four children would starve. His wife, who was looking him up, was in the same building, with good news for him from a friend who offered him large wages. When she saw the mangled remains of her poor husband the woman tried to jump also, but was caught in time and sent to the hospital, where she was treated with great care by the attendants and brought to her reasoning powers. This man lost his whole fortune in a business venture, and it turned his mind.

Mr Moody, the evangelist, has done excellent work among all classes, and still exhorts on Sundays. Mr Sankey leads the singing.

Three prisoners escaped from Ludlow Street Jail the other day by way of the roof. Jail-breaking is becoming an easy thing these days. Someone made one end of a rope fast to the jail door and the other end to a tree and tied a placard to the rope:

.....
If you want to Take the Jail Out the Rope.

The same old, old story about Cuba. Will the United States ever step in and stop this cruel war?

The woman of Danbury, Conn., who has been in a trance for two weeks, has just awoke.

Mrs Sanders died from blood-poisoning. Her death was from the results of a prick from a rusty pin.

Here's an up-to-date tramp. This Weary Willie threw himself down on the sidewalk and commenced to groan, early Sunday morning. A crowd soon collected. "Send for an ambulance!" someone suggested. The surgeon examined him and said he was feigning, and refused to take him, saying: "We turned him away from our hospital this morning. He is a fakir." The police took him to Bellevue Hospital, but the doctors reported that he was perfectly well. About one hour after his rejection he was found in the same condition, in terrible agony, and was taken to another hospital where he had a good sleep and something to eat. This fellow was bound to have a good square meal, and he got it.

An elevated train jumped the track Sunday and crashed into the Station. Many were bruised and shaken up.

Firebugs are still at it in this city, notwithstanding the fact that the King of Firebugs was sentenced the other week to 48 years in Sing Sing prison. Instead of imprisoning these fiends (who set tenements on fire to get the heavy insurance, and putting in jeopardy thousands of lives), they should be strung up on the nearest tree or lamp-post, thereby saving the county thousands of dollars, and setting an example to the rest of their class.

Ladies are requested to remove their enormous hats while attending the theatre, so as to give a poor fellow a chance to see the show. In some cities the fair sex are fined for wearing such terrible affairs at entertainments.
GEORGE M. SANGSTER.
January 18, 1897.

"The inspissated alkaloids with eczema contend, But Heaven pursues the comatose, no bismuth can befriending; Spasmodic hydrocarbonates with tetanus combine To whine thy cardiac meroblast, oh, molecule of mine!"

The Weekly Letter.
I had it called to mind the other day how inconspicuous grown people are of what fills the lives of children. There can be little doubt that we have a greater faculty for enjoying pleasures and experiencing griefs as children than as grown-up people. It does not last so long always, but there is a good deal of truth in what the world-worn old grandmother says as she looks contemplatively at the little child, as it is rapturously enjoying the possession of a new toy, that the child is eating his white bread in life. There's seldom any lasting grief in childhood; but Oh the pity of it when there is! The little one has failed to get only unalloyed happiness of his life. That happiness that innocence only can give, before we have tampered with our mental or physical health. Of course some children are miserable, but generally, to quote Sir Walter Scott,—

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows, Is like the dew-drop on the rose; When once the summer breeze comes by, And shakes the bush, the flower is dry."

The man who can remember his own childhood, and be considerate of the children about him, and make them realize when they are secretly grieving over some mishap which would not cause a grown person a moment's thought, that it could not be helped, that nobody blames them, and it will matter very little in a short time, has done something to alleviate a great deal of real suffering and heart-burning. I can remember one or two instances in my life when there was a skeleton in my closet that need never have been there if I had had some good friend to show me that what had happened was a very small affair in reality.

I can remember one thing that darkened and embittered my childhood; and that, probably, accounts for my dark and misanthropic nature, so adapted to the newspaper business. When about five years old, with another boy exactly my age, I was enjoying the delights of the blacksmith shop, and in the yard was an old wheat-drill. This drill had a tremendous tongue in it, and we wondered if we could lift it. It being being well balanced, we were able to do so, but on lifting a little higher, to our surprise and horror, the tongue took matters into its own hands and flew up and the drill came down with a terrible crash. I have since learned that the drill was not injured in the least; but the blacksmith, being a great wag, immediately pronounced it ruined, and began counting the cost of a new one,—\$90 it was I remember,—and my blood froze. As soon as the paralyzing influence of the fright had somewhat left me, I realized that I was hopelessly insolvent, and took refuge in flight. The trouble made me sick, and it was several years before the terrible impression wore off of me, and I revisited the blacksmith shop.

During that time I suffered all the pangs and apprehensions of a criminal, trembling in his cell. If the family horse needed shoeing, I worked some scheme for some one else to take him to the shop. I only ventured by the shop once in a long while, and the way I held the secret of that skeleton leads me to believe that I am able to do wrong and never acknowledge it after. Of course I can see now that it was a matter that should not have influenced my life, and that I was a victim of great cruelty. I wonder how many of our little friends have needless shadings over them that a word from a considerate older person would clear away.

Often and often a little fellow bravely trying to work will meet with some mishap,—break a tool or article worth perhaps fifty cents. It seems like a tremendous thing to him, and when the father or next friend, as they say in law, instead of seeing that the child is suffering intensely, and making it all right with him, thinks it necessary to vent ill temper, or scold to

make him more careful. That is the cruelest and most unkindest cut of all.

We have all been over the first portion, at least, of life, and we ought to have a world of helpful pity, for those who have to learn to live. They are the best men who can put themselves in a child's place, and a word of help is remembered by the little pilgrim long after the kind older friend has forgotten that the word was ever uttered. I think we have here a part of the meaning of that verse in the Bible which reads something like this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The Arrest of W. L. Crotty.

(Monroe County Watchman.)
One of the most important and interesting cases ever tried in Monroe Circuit Court will be that of C. L. Crotty, indicted for the murder of Walter A. Pauly, which will come up at the March term next. The killing it will be remembered took place on August 14th. Crotty walked away unmolested in the presence of a number of bystanders and for two months evaded arrest. He at last turned up in Phoenix, Arizona, about the middle of October and was there detained by the authorities until requisition papers were gotten out and the sheriff of this county arrived. He was brought back in their custody and lodged in jail in Union November 11th. Crotty seems to bear his confinement fairly well. His demeanor is reserved and he spends most of his time reading the Bible.

It has been rather difficult to get at the actual facts surrounding Crotty's arrest in Arizona, but as described by the clerk in the Commercial Hotel at Phoenix, the papers were substantially as follows: Upon entering the hotel, Crotty, who had but little baggage, refrained for some time from registering. His manner was constrained and he exhibited signs of nervousness. After awhile he was requested by the clerk to register, whereupon he took the pen but seemed to find much difficulty in registering to his satisfaction. When he finally laid the pen down the clerk turned the book round and found that his stranger-guest had written, "Lee Ott, Bland Co., Va." When asked by the clerk how he pronounced his name the alleged Mr. "Ott" seemed much startled and said that he would explain it all right, and asked for a place to wash. On his way to the lavatory he told the clerk that if any thing was wrong with his signature he would make it all right. Upon his return he still seemed laboring under excitement and the clerk frankly told him that his conduct was suspicious. Crotty then went to register and wrote his real name—"C. L. Crotty." This strange performance to take him to one side and ask him if he had not committed some crime. Crotty appeared to be much alarmed but finally admitted that he was a fugitive from the law, told what he had done in West Virginia and asked the clerk not to give him away but to protect him. The clerk at the first opportunity telephoned for the Chief of Police and when he came the clerk turned Crotty over to him. Crotty made no resistance, but went with apparent willingness, except just as he was entering the jail doors, when he drew with evident dread. His subsequent conduct as a prisoner has been of the most exemplary sort.

MR TYRELL, of the Geological Survey Department, has arrived at Winipeg, bound for Ottawa, and reports having discovered rich tracts of agricultural and stock raising country hitherto unknown. He left Selkirk on January 24. From Norway House he descended the Nelson River in a canoe to the Pine River, ascending it to Wolf River. Again the Nelson was descended for seventy five miles, until the Brentwood River was reached, thence down the Grassy River to the Sturgeon, which brought them to the Saskatchewan at Cumberland House. Recently they reached Prince Albert. Mr Tyrell says that there are large areas of rich, cultivable lands west of the Nelson River, although wheat is not grown, simply because of the want of value, all varieties of vegetables are produced in the gardens of the Hudson Bay Company posts and prove hardy. Except for the climate, he declares that that country is richly blessed as the famed Red River valley.—The Scientific American.

Pay your subscription.

To Confederate Veterans.

WHEELING, W. Va. Jan. 1, 1897. My Dear Sir,—At the instance of Gen. J. B. Gordon, General Commanding the "United Confederate Veterans," thro his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, General Geo. Moorman, I address you this letter.

Every Confederate soldier must feel a deep interest in the effort to build the Memorial Institute edifice of the Southland, upon such a scale and in such a style as that it may be truly commemorative of the memory of our dead and the heroic valor of our soldiers.

Every Confederate soldier feels a deep interest in the "United Confederate Veterans," and in their patriotic annual re-unions. Every Confederate soldier is interested in seeing that the poor, old or disabled soldier should have proper care in his declining years. A meeting will be held in the city of Charleston, W. Va., on Thursday, February 4th, 1897, to which all Confederate soldiers, and all others interested in the consideration and furtherance of the foregoing objects, are earnestly invited.

Will you please urge the newspapers in your vicinity to give full notice of this meeting, and use your efforts to make it a success? The Commanding General desires that a Division of "United Confederate Veterans" shall be formed in the State of West Virginia during the present winter. An appeal is made to the Confederate soldiers of West Virginia to gather themselves together and form in each county of the State, as far as may be, a camp of Confederate Veterans, so that a full Division in this State may be organized speedily. Any assistance that I can render will be cheerfully given, and the Adjutant General will gladly do any thing in his power to bring about the desired result. His address is: George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, No. 824 Common Street, New Orleans, La.

The next re-union of the "United Confederate Veterans" will be held at Nashville, Tenn., on the 5, 6 and 7th days of May next, during the great Centennial Exhibition in that City. It is hoped that the camps of a full Division in W. Va. may be there represented.

It seems to me to be a duty especially incumbent upon the Confederate soldiers of West Virginia to take prompt action in this matter, and I appeal most earnestly to every one to lend a helping hand. Respectfully, ROBERT WHITE, Of Ex. Com. of Southern Memorial Association.

I will be glad for any or all members of the Pocahontas Camp to consider themselves delegates to the above meeting and attend if possible. A. C. L. GATEWOOD, Commander.

As to the trolley wires, It has been found Cheaper to put the people Under the ground. —Chicago Tribune.

THE Washington Post suggests that honest bank officials would go well with our present dish of honest money. The fact is mentioned for what it is worth.—Atlanta Constitution.

FIRST TRAMP: "All I have in the world is a counterfeit quarter."
Second tramp: "And all I have is a plugged dime."
Both: "Let's hold a monetary conference!"—Detroit Free Press.

HEROISM.
Forget thy failure and thy fall; For forth into the world again, Stand face to face with other men And like a hero, conquer all. —[Hu Maxwell.

HUMAN NATURE.
He called Sweet Prue A perfect peach, But found she grew Just out of reach. And so he learnt With longing sigh, We always want What comes too high. —To-day.

A THERMOMETER FREE.
WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO. of Rochester, N. Y., are sending out a limited number of accurate spirit thermometers graded from 20 degrees below zero to 120 degrees above and mounted on heavy 4 x 6 inch card board, by mail, free to any address on receipt of 2 cents in stamps to pay postage. To be sure, this distribution is intended to advertise the celebrated Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure (see advertising columns); but never the less the thermometer will be found to be a useful as well as ornamental article for the home or office and well worth the little trouble and expense of sending for it.

Come '7.

De Mistletoe am laid away, 'N' Santy Claus done gone; De turkey lef from Christmas day Am a skellyton tolo'n; Dar's no meat on him 'cass now 'N' de wishbone's on de tee— O! Fatha Time done make er bow, 'N' he rattles out de dice— Come '7 Got yo' faded!

O! Ninety Six am laid toe rest 'War de weepin' wilters grow; Dis new year am gwiner do him bes'— Ef yo' gives him er show; Be good toe all yo' neighbors an' De pabson, Mistab Jones— O! Fatha Time done takes a stand 'N' he rattles out de dice— Come '7 Got yo' faded!

Dem promises yo' broke last year 'Yo' all kin try to keep. No matab if yo' all kin steer 'War de fattes' chickens sleep. De new year holds him shape an' style— Jns' as long as yo' keeps him nice— O! Fatha Time doan' crack er smile 'N' he rattles out de dice— Come '7 Got yo' faded!

—Exchange.
"The great man-seal haul back to the sea, and no man knows their path. Then dark they lie and stark they lie—rookery, dune, and floe, And the Northern Lights come down o' nights to dance with the houseless snow; And God who clears the grinding berg and steers the grinding floe, He hears the cry of the little kit-fox and the wind along the snow. But since our women must walk gay and money buys their gear, The sealing boats they fish that way at hazard year by year. English they be and Japanese that hang on the Brown Bear's flank, And some be Scott, but the worst, God wot, and the boldest thieves, be Yank."—[From Kipling's *Rime of the Three Sailors*.

do not improve the reputation of the past year as a rather dark period in our history; tho the record is not altogether unfavorable by comparison with previous years. There were 122 legal executions during the year and 131 lynchings, which is a rather startling commentary on the methods by which the law is executed and defied in this country. That neither lynchings nor legal executions serve to check the crime of murder is shown by the statement that there were no less than 10,652 murders committed during the year. This is a shocking exhibit.—The Herald, Boston.

THE Nord, Paris, publishes some accounts of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, which prove it to be very formidable. There are seven line-of-battle-ships ranging between 8,000 and 12,000 tons, two armored coast-defense vessels, six armored cruisers, three torpedo-cruisers, twenty-three torpedo-boats, and eleven cruisers belonging to the volunteer fleet. The latter are not armored, but carry six to fourteen quick-firing guns. Three of them can steam 20 knots an hour. It is not thought that Turkey can prevent the egress of this powerful fleet.

"THERE'S only two real parties," said the man who refuses to believe that the free-silver agitation is over for good. "The old political lines are all gone to smash." "You mean, I suppose, to reiterate your familiar claim that the bankers are arrayed against the farmers?" "That's it exactly. It's the old question of which kind o' whiskers is a-goin' ter git the best of it, side or chin."—Washington Star.

A FARMER traveling in a foreign land becoming anxious about his live stock, telegraphed home: "Is things all right at the barn?" "JOHN BREEM."

His stable boy, whose conversation was proverbially laconic, immediately telegraphed back: "JOHN BREEM. Things is."

THE PESSIMIST.
There is no hope for him whose eyes See nothing in the human race But plans misshaped and out of place, And inconsistencies and lies. —[Hu Maxwell.

MORE WISDOM.—"Uncle Simon what is a phenomenon?" "A phenomenon is a man that gets so rich that he won't accept a pass on a railroad."—Chicago Record.